

PHOENIX



PHOENIX Literary and Graphic Publication

**The College of New Rochelle
May, 1980 Volume VI**

The tradition of a literary and graphic publication at the College of New Rochelle originated with the QUARTERLY, CNR's first magazine. The QUARTERLY had become the most distinguished collegiate publication on the Eastern Seaboard. However, during the uncertain period of the 1960's, student interest waned. Today, the PHOENIX magazine is endeavoring to continue the time-honored practice of publishing poetry, creative prose, and art.

The present publication was named after the mythical bird, the Phoenix. The legend states that the Phoenix lived for 500 years in the Arabian dessert, consumed itself in fire, and then rose anew from its own ashes. The PHOENIX magazine has risen from the ashes of the QUARTERLY and hopes to have an increasing importance to the entire College community.

Writing

A poem grows and yearns
deep within the body,
an embryo:
a small seed:
someone Becoming.

I wait expectantly for the poem
to speak.

I anticipate the words to be
breathless, raw
and sweet.

I wait for the poem as I would
an old friend.

Someone I once knew
speaks to me from my bones.

I remember the voice
as if it were my own.

Kathleen Benson



An Afterthought

My school

Just a plain old school

With typical teachers and the usual rules

I went back there just the other day

and saw it all in a different way

The kids, they had changed, they were so small

Ignoring the knowledge in the old brown halls

My locker, 411, was painted over in grey

New textbooks were there, neatly arranged;

They were full of facts and quips and quotes,

Written in a language that others spoke

The rooms called out beckoning to me

Remember Shakespeare, Astronomy and

Review Math Three

The times I resented are the memories I treasure

Whispered moments that gave so much

pleasure ...

My school

Just a plain old school

With typical teachers

and the usual

rules

Melanie Rose Elaine McCarthy - 83
Class of 1979



Leslie Manna

time is sitting here next to me
while i wonder about you

today sighes and yawns
while i dream about you

yesterday ponders the years
while i cry over you

tomorrow waits for us
while i love because of you.

nancy dupilka

Cotton candy sticky
On my nose, my chin, my lips;
Kiss me quick and share my joy.

Theresa E. Jones



Leslie Manna

Who Is Prufrock?

(Composed after reading T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock")

I am the Footman of his fantasy.
I hold his coat and snicker at his back.
For even I have done what he cannot -
Cared not for consequences but took the leap,
Prepared to pay the price of deathlessness.

Who knows the devils that besiege this man?
His timeless worlds of possibilities
Are hellish moments marked by deeds undone
Behind the tasks that soothe his trepidation
As he grows old, and I prepare his time.

He has not seen them all, nor yet have I.
Poet, prophet, lover, all must die
And most before they've lived. But you and I
Know life is in the doing, not the outcome
And he who thinks but acts not, is the sinner.

You sagely nod; oh you do quite agree.
I hold your coat and snicker at your back
And drop the ticking question on your plate.
Who is Prufrock, reader? Who is he?

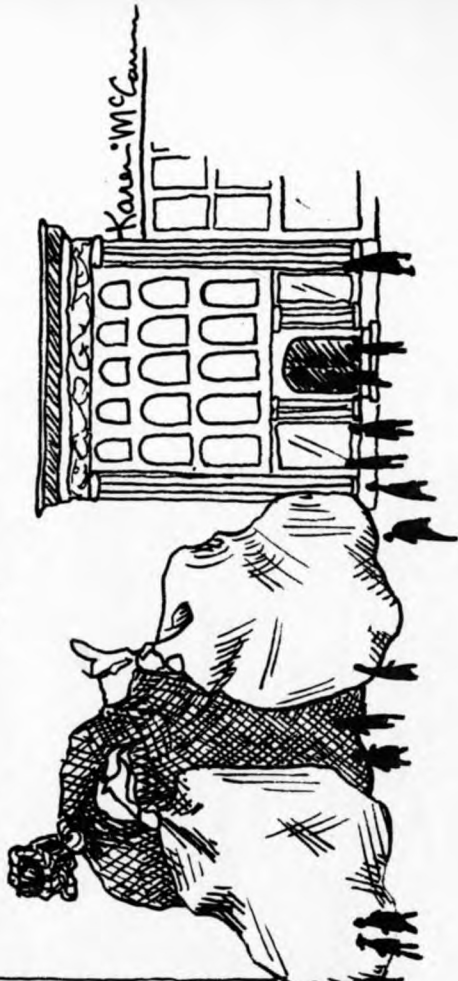
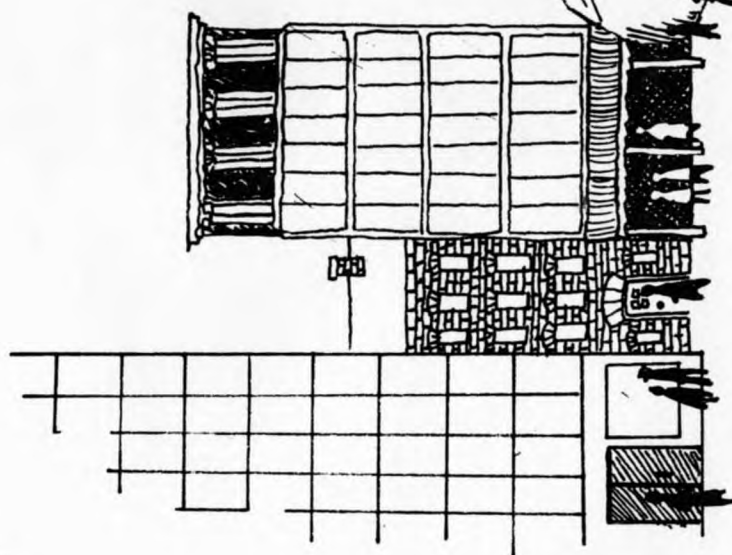
P. Kneen December, 1979

The bridge

i stood on the sidewalk
and peered down at the rushing waters
 raising my head to the horizon
i got a glimpse of the future
 i began my voyage
to the other side of the Bridge
 for a fleeting moment i'looked
behind me and laughed
 the journey to the other side
was stormy at times and mild other times
 it rained a lot and i thought
i would never see the sun but i did
 and then i reached the
other side of the Bridge
 i hesitated before the last
step off the Bridge
 sighing deeply i looked
back for the longest time
 when i felt the wind blowing
i turned my head forward
 and shed a tear
as i stepped off the Bridge

nancy dupilka

Saks Fifth Avenue



Karen McCann

And I clung to you
Hoping that you would give me
Shelter from the storm.
But you brought a turbulence
Of your own, worse than the storm.

Theresa E. Jones



Never Never Land

A laugh lifts through the nursery window
and
tumbles on a lawn
of
dandelion weeds
and
the brittle blades of piercing
summer grass
lift in search
of
heaven.

A fairytale whispers to the lass
and
paints the pink "happily-ever-afters"
of
stories in a book...
and
with a flutter of pages
added to a sigh,
closes reluctantly
on
Cinderella
dust.

A whine pours into the morning sunshine
and
filters through a funnel
of
antiquated dreams
and
the ferment of troubled souls
ages
on a one-way vine
intent on mortal
hell.

Melanie Rose Elaine McCarthy

Mothersong: After the Abortion

for M.A.

Love brought you to me.

You were my own,
your backbone fragile as kindlingwood.
You danced to the rythm of your father's laughter.
Your mother's bitter tears coursed through your veins.

Love gave you to me,

Your cries, alive, sing on the nightwinds.
Your little mouth opens
to yawn at the moon.
Tiny feet tread upon the blanket of stars.

Your sighs mingle with the murmurs
of free waters, lingering
as the whispers of young trees.

You slumber in the womb of the earth.

Love deceived me with her sweet possibilities:
mine was such a tender betrayal.

Nameless angel, I can never escape you.
Yours in the only truth:
I accept you
as my heart
accepts its beating.

What was once cannot be found again.
What is lost to us will never return.



Leslie Manna

I Think Today

I Think Today

I saw myself

a little weaker

a lot weaker

I saw a fight

of my soul

being sort by hot and cold

I wanted to touch something that

would give me relief

And

I

have

always

felt

a

calmness

in

my

sleep.

I don't want to give up but

my soul needs rest

Cause I've always been the one to torture me best.

Gail Lyn Gaynor

tell me love,

have you dreamt of me since i've been away

has your laughter died

have you ever cried

because i've never been there beside you

do you miss the sparkle in my eyes

as much as i miss the sparkle in yours

and when you see children

do you ever recall the time we spent

playing as if we were clowns in the center ring of a circus

whenever the wind blows

do you ever feel my touch

and whenever you see a fire

do you remember the warmth our hearts shared together

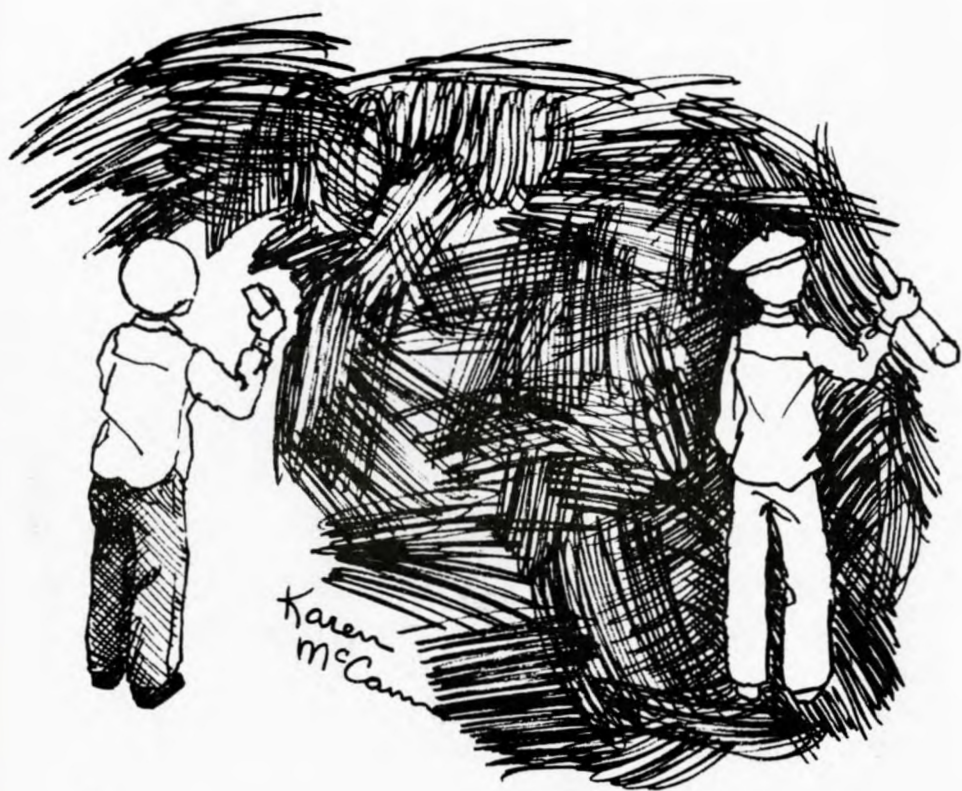
to treasure your being

is to remember all the wonderful things you are

and to say that i shall return to you one day soon

loving you even more than when i left you

teresa m. reiches '83



"drawing and un-drawing"

firefly...
dashing here and there
flickering on and off
firefly...
won't you stop
and just say hello?
too quick, too bright
a spark in the night
a tiny light upon the stars
oh, firefly,
fly close to me
light my way
sparkle in my life
! firefly
glancing all around
won't you settle down?
here's a spot
why not?
oh, firefly...fire..fly?

Allison McMillan

time and tide

the waves lap over the shore
never stopping. the sun rises
over the sea never stopping.

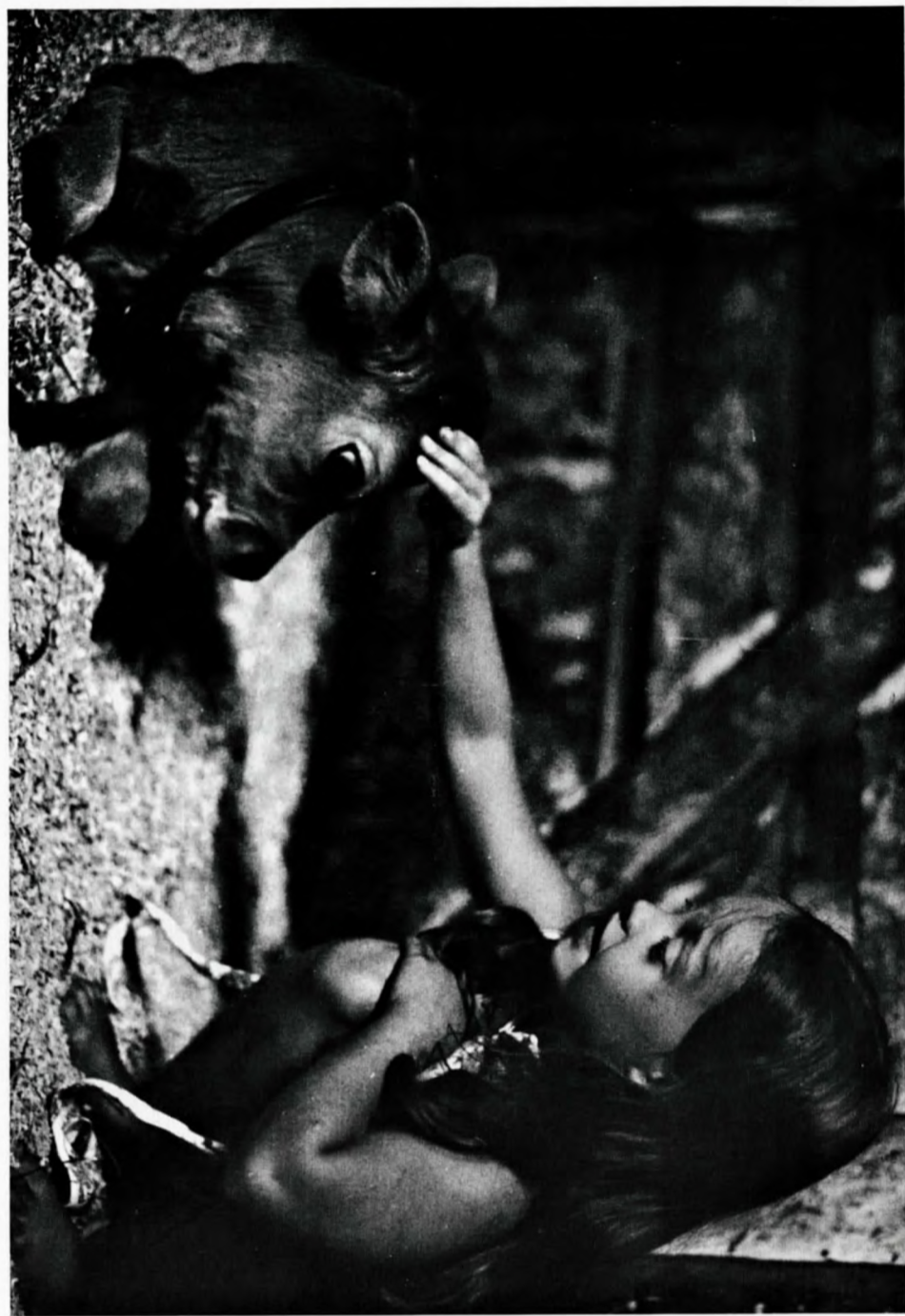
we wake up seeing never
stopping. we move through
life never stopping.

time and tide never stop.
don't try to hold them,
they always keep moving.

nancy dupilka



Leslie Manna



Leslie Manna

A Young Afternoon

Wrapped in a crazy , colorful quilt, a soft, comfortable body stirred gently. A tousled brown head peeked out from between the folds and two pools of brown blinked. Warm, friendly sunshine sparkled brightly in the yellow room. Seen through small slitted eyes, the sunshine became tiny dots of bright colors that floated and danced in mid-air. The cracked window pane shimmered out sunshine like a many-faceted prism. Sparkling light pirouetted around the room showering color all over.

A chubby arm slowly left the crazy, colorful quilt and its fingers closed around a fuzzy brown bear. Without the aid of brown glass eyes (lost long ago), the bear headed for home. Another arm crept toward the tabby cat. As several fingers began to scratch and glide, a purring motor ignited in a soft rumble. Stroking gently, the fingers cuddled the cat closer to the quilt haven. The tousled brown head shone in the late afternoon sun as it retreated into the soft folds. No longer were the two pools of brown seen--or the fuzzy brown bear (missing its two eyes). A slow scurrying beneath the quilt forced one red sneaker out from under and soon after another was pushed out. Snuggling closer to the purring cat, a sleepy body slumbered.

Allison McMillan

A Summer's Bliss

I hear the sound of distant drums
calling

A soft memory of you

I hear a voice
whispering

Sweet sounds of summer's bliss

I beckon, to listen
for your voice

Echoes run wild
through my mind

I cannot find
our new home

I hear the sound of distant
drums, my lover.

Gail Lyn Gaynor



Leslie Manna

Mid-December Sunset

Purple clouds float past my window.
I whispered 'I love you' and blew a kiss
That caught onto the tail of a purple dragon
For you to catch when it floats past your window.

Theresa E. Jones

She Loved Too Much

The doll spun, spinning round
Never stopping, never slowing down.
She spun so fast--
No one ever caught her.

Little doll, tutu torn in half,
Sequin glitter littered carelessly about,
Plastic feet without their metal coil--
Too late.

The doll spun once, spinning round
Never stopping, never slowing down.

Allison McMillan

Christopher

We were born of December's passion:
snowflakes glistened in your blue eyes
laughing down
into mine.

Winter's grey skies were a mass of dark
and nameless stars, and mornings,
sunless, were taut with a foreign cold:
our love was alive and bright as fires
burning in suburban living rooms
and countries of the soul.

Christopher, remember me
in deepest winter
and when the fragile snow of April
begins to fall.

Eyes alive, blood beating
heart to heart,
old hopes and times reborn:
sweet memories remain and grow
across my consciousness
in the agony of time.

Kathleen Benson

The Wrong Word Said

A word ...

Fell ...

Shattering the perfect silence--

Stirring up raging winds.

Words still fell ...

But on deaf ears.

Allison McMillan

Special Thanks To:

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